

VVhat will you have ?
A CALFE
WITH A
WHITE FACE.

Or, a Relation of his Travailes from
England into Ireland, Scotland, Poland, Holland,
Amsterdam, and other places, and is now newly
arrived in the Citie of London, where
he meanes to abide.



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What will you have? a CALFE with a WHITE FACE.

ALl those who are troubled with the *Grumbling in the Gizzard*, or the *Fancies*, whom no Government, or any Order, Rule or Power in Church or State can content; all such as are never well (full or fasting) Who will have better Bread then is made of Wheat, with the rest of that stubborne and stiffe-neck'd Generations; all these sorts of mischief-making Murmurers, that labour the ruine of all, for their own pecular profits and privat ends; such as only love themselves, and yet hate one another deadly; all such I do freely invite to the eating of my *Calfe with the white face*.

Now what this *Calfe* is, and what it is not, or from whence it came, and had it's breeding, is necessary to be declared.

First, this *Calfe* is not a *golden Calfe*, such a one as the two-legg'd *Calves* of *Israel* worship'd whilst *Moses* was in the Mount, nor such a one as the brace of *Calves* was, which *Jerveboam* set up, the one at *Beth-el*, the other at *Dan*. For if my *Calfe* had bin a *golden Beast*, 'risen to one he had bin Sequestrated, and justly broken in peices, and transform'd into a *molten Calfe*, and consequently coyned for some other uses; nor is it an *Essex Calfe*, or *Walworths Calfe*, (that went nine miles to suck a *Bull*, and came home againe thirskie;) nor did I ever read, or hear, that any of these fore-named *Calves* had *white faces*.

Thus have I told you what my *Calfe* was not, is not, or ever like to be; now I tell you what he was, is, and will be.

It is but a little *Calfe* (for the greatest *Calves* are not the sweetest *Veale*) yet as little as it is, it is spread universally over the face of the Earth, and metamorphosed into a general Proverbe.

And though it be daily in the mouthes of thousands of people, yet it is never devoured or diminished, much like a Taylours Goose, never to be eaten; a meere invisible *Calfe*.

My wife, and dearly-beloved Cousins of *London* have fed upon it a long time; they grumbled and repined against Peace and Plentie, they had more of Gods blessings then they knew how to make right use of, their Allegiance lay so heavie on their stomacks, that too many of them gave most part of their estates to have a publike faithfull Vomit, which made them cast, and cast away so extreemly, that a number of them were like to have cast their hearts out, and so much over-strain'd themselves, that they are cleane out of hope of recoverie, for they have no other earthly comfort left, but a *Calfe with a white face*.

And all those, that grudge against the just Rights of the King, are justly deprived of their just Rights, which (by more then a good many) were unjustly gotten; There was much *Irish Land* bought, which Lands are fruitfull *Fields* in the *Firmament*, fat *Pastures* and *Medowes* in the *Clouds*, and stately *Castles* in the *Ayre*.

A great number of mad men were posselt with a conceit, that those wise-Akers of invisible Land was to be sold and bought at easie rates, by the measure of their owne feet; which caused them to go to the Devills own Shoo-maker, who furnisht them with Boats & Shooes just in the fashion of his owne cloven foot, of a reaching' siz, longer then the foot by three or four inches, forked as if they made hornes at every bodie they met, (a most excellent policie to gaine

large penny-worths,) for which christie bargain, they shal be feasted with the head and braines of *a Calfe with a white face.*

A wicked crew in the Citty and Countrie, who were imagined to be stout and strong *Pillars* of State; whose Wisedome, Integrity, and Loyalties, might have supported the Church and Kingdomes in Peace and happie Government; But those *Pillars* are proved to be no better then *Cater-pillars*, having devoured and spoyled all our fruitfull Possessions, Spirituall and Temporall; inso-much, that all those that did put any trust or confidence in them, have scarce so much hope left them as to feed upon the *Calfe with a white face.*

It is said, that the East wind doth bring in the most part and greatest number of those kind of destroying Vermin, but we find (by lamentable experience) that all the winds have unfortunately blown them into our Countrie, but the most damnable swarmes of them were puffed with the blustering breath of *Boreas*, from the cold North.

Yet there are some amongst us who are grieved at the odds and differences that we have, and if they had (or may get so much power into their hands) they would speedily make all our odds even, and end our division by dividing.

These are the upright-minded *Levellers*, that would have no King, no Magistrate, no Law, no Religion, nor any Man to have more wealth or more wit and honestie then another; that every one might be equal, *trim tram, rowly powly*, Jack as good as Charles, and Joane as good as my Ladie, all fellowes at foor-ball; But these fellowes shall have the *Calfe with the white face.*

These kind of *Levellers* are of an ancient standing in England, and in that they are no upstarts: for neare 300 yeares agoe, in the yeare of Grace 1380, the fifth yeare of the

the reign of K. Richard the second, by the seditious preaching of Parson John Ball, they arose in Armes for the same Levelling purpose, and did much mischief in the Kingdomes; as you may read the full Storie in *Stowes Chronicle*, Page 291, and 293, to which Booke I refer such as desire further satisfaction.

Now if every man were to be in an equalitie, we must be all Rich men, or all poore; all Wise men; or all Fooles; all with sight and limbs, or all blind and lames; all civill, or all mad; all sober, or all drunkards; all honest men and women, or all Whores and Whore-masters; all true men, or all Theeves; all old, or all young; all players, or all workers; all Labourers, or all Loyteters; all Gentlemen, or all Clowes and Peasants; &c.

I could insist further in this uneven kind of Levelling, but enough is sufficient. *Licurgus* K. of *Sparta*, or *Lacedæmonia*, when a Fellow asked him, whether hee did not hold it very necessarie to lay all degrees of Persons and their Estates *Levell* throughout all his Dominions, the K. answered him, *That he would have him, and all the rest which were of his mind to begin first to make all persons equal, and lay all levell in their owne houses.*

But now I have done with my *Culfe*, and my *Culfe* hath done with me; for a *Scottish* Pedlar hath gotten him from me, and carried away by Sea from *England* to *Amsterdam* in *Holland*, as this short following relation doth declare.

There was a ripe-witted young Lad, borne and brought up North-ward beyond *Barwicke*, betwene *Edenborough* and the *High-Lands*, his name was *Malcolme Magrigger*; This Fellow being of the age of eightene yeares, left his Country, and Tiled in a Ship called the *Mary-carry-knave* into *Poland*; he had not been long there, but he was entertained by a *Scottish* Pedlar (who call themselves Merchants in

in that Countrey) and having ~~france~~ served his Master two yeares, he thriv'd so well, that (by running away with his Masters pack) he set up for himselfe, whereby he grew so wickedly rich, that he left *Poland* and came into *Holland*; where at *Amsterdam* he hired a faire house, with a shop & a large ware-house, which he stored with all manner of such commodities as he supposed to be most vendible to others, and commodious to himself: You must imagin now that you see him in's Shop with many Customers about him, & he very willing to take money as fast as he can.

First, one came unto him and asked him if hee had any Religion to sell; he answered, that he was furnished with all Religions, and would sell any man what he had most mind unto, for there was varieties and choyce enough. Looke you Sir, heere is Poperie, if you like it I will afford you a good penny-worth.

The other replied, that it was old and stale, and that it had a poore thing in it called Charitie, (which the Papists do imagine to be good-works) which I hold to be an erroneous kind of Doctrine, for I am perswaded, that good works are not meritorious, and therefore my selfe, (with many thousands more of my opinion) never did any, and as near as we can, never meane to trouble our selves with the doing of any. Then said the Merchant; Sir, I would be glad to take your money, I pray you take your choyce, see here, will you buy the Protestant Religion, I tell you it is a good old one, and the old way is the good way, and the best way. It was answered; That the Protestant Profession did flourish a longtime in *England*, till the mad people did mangle and tatter it into ragged Shreds and Seeces, and though you have it to sell, yet I thinke no man is so mad as to buy it, for it teacheth Obedience, Loyaltie, and Allegiance to Kings & Princes; Then said the Merchant, Sir, I thinke you can't

not to buy or bargain; I cannot please your humour, will you have
a Calfe with a white face?

Then came an old Ladie of the last edition friend (quoth she)
have you any new fashions to sell for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Es-
quire? Landie (said he) I have the best and newest within the
walls of *Affrique* or *America*; here are most exquisite black patches
for the face, to illustrate & make the beaurie the more conspicu-
ous; here they are in the formes of Flies, Fleas, Monkeys, and
Mag-Pyes, Sun, Moone, Starres, Owles and Pole-Cats; I can as-
sure you Ladie there is much art in the creation of them, and they
are in such request in *England*, that a Gentlewoman gave 100 li.
for a black patch in the forme of a Coach and foure Horses, which
patch was no bigger then the compasse of a *Scotch* three pence. Tush
(quoth she) I came to buy no such bables, I wou'd have bought
some Honesty, Modesty, and Chastitie, for my selfe, and for my
Daughters, and Maid-servants: Pish quoth he, your Ladyship doth
not well know what you would have, will you have a Calfe with a
white face?

Come Gentlemen, what lack ye? here are fine Ribands of all
colours to weare for favours round your Hats, or to garnish and
adorn your Coppicee for the honour and exaltation of the Toole of
Transgression. Come along Customers, here are curious Salt-
Sellers and Knives heste made of black, white, and gray marble,
out of the Ruins and Reliques of old Charing Crosse; here is a
fine Shaving-Horne made out of part of the mayle of *Gargantua's*
little finger, here are Dice made of the Eye-teeth of the famous
Witch of *Endor*: What, are you all lookers on and gaping-gazers,
will nothing fit you, will you have a Calfe with a white face?

Here is a rare piece of workmanship, a brave Picture of a good
King to be sold, his person hath been bought, sold, and bartered,
more times then he hath fingers and toes; come buy, buy.

What lack ye? then said an *English* man, have you any *Eng-
lish* Bookes? yes Sir, I have Bookes of Roguerie, Villanie, Lyes,
Perfect Currant Lyes, Moderate Lyes, Lyes of all shapes & sizes:
The other replye, a pox take 'em, we have too many of them in
England, they are as plenty full as durt, and cryed every day a-
bout the streets of *London* and *Westminster* for pence a peece. The
Pedlar answered, Sir, I have none that will give you content, I
thinke you wou'd have a Calfe with a white face; farewell, good
night, I will shut up my Shop with

Finis.

Patches. p. 8

Salt. Sellers and knives haps of black white and gray
humble out of the ruins and reliques of old Charing Cross &.

"This pretty little Calf with a white face entering the Room at such time as I
was disputing the case about Vichouls, and understanding that there was none
that I liked, she told me that if I loved Pakes, I might have very good ones
three Doors off." Kirkman's Unlucky Stizen. 1673. p. 124